Love, Lies, Assassins, Mission, and Deadly Lessons

1. Cover
2. Title Page
3. PROLOGUE-1: Final Escape
4. PROLOGUE-2: Request from Karasuma-sensei

Love, Lies, Assassins, Mission, and Deadly Lessons

Love, Lies, Assassins, Mission, and Deadly Lessons

by Final Royale (Lambdadeltayh)

After escaping the confines of the White Room and evading his father, Atsuomi Ayanokouji, Kiyotaka Ayanokouji seeks refuge in Advanced Nurturing High School, hoping for a peaceful, ordinary high school experience for the next three years. However, unexpected developments thwart his plans, leading him down a different path. Witness as the enigmatic figure, hailed as the Sole Survivor of the Demonic 4th Generation and the White Room's Masterpiece, confronts fresh obstacles at ANHS while endeavoring to relish his high school days and engaging with intriguing individuals from two renowned Junior High Schools: Shuchiin Academy and Kunugigaoka Academy. ----- It's a story created by two people, RenektonTime and Phoenix Lore.

Reads: 328 | Votes: 21 | Comments: 2

First Published: 2024-03-10T13:57:27Z

Last Updated: 2024-03-19T15:16:49Z

PROLOGUE-1: Final Escape

Reads: 184 | Votes: 9 | Comments: 0

POV: Miyuki

???: Is this truly the only course of action remaining to us?

In the dimly lit confines of a cramped motel room, Shinomiya and I sit side by side on the edge of the bed. Our hands entwined, our gazes locked in an unspoken understanding. Some might deem this setting unsuitable for teenagers, but after months of clandestine meetings, evading the watchful eyes of the Shinomiya household, it feels like the only place where we can truly be ourselves... Where we can find solace in each other's presence... Where we can reassure ourselves that we're both still here, together.

Miyuki: Hmm, indeed. If our hypothesis holds true, then it would appear so.

Shinomiya nodded, her expression mirroring my own sentiments.

Shinomiya: Certainly, I-I also desire a normal high school experience alongside the President...

Miyuki: I find myself in the same situation... Oh, Shinomiya, even though we've technically moved on from middle school a while ago, you still address me as President?

Even though we missed our middle school graduation due to unfortunate circumstances, I can't help but feel a bit perplexed by Shinomiya's unchanged demeanor towards me. Not even after... well, after we nearly crossed that line.

Shinomiya: However... However, it's simply a reflex. Moreover... It's still quite embarrassing for me to address you by your first name...

Shinomiya exclaimed, averting her gaze as a faint blush painted her cheeks. My mind raced, etching this adorable image of Shinomiya into my memory. And then, in a sudden rush of courage, I felt something stir deep within me.

Miyuki: Shinomiya.

I reached out, gently cupping her cheek, my touch tender and deliberate. Slowly, I turned her face towards mine, locking eyes with her mesmerizing ruby orbs. Shinomiya appeared utterly entranced, a blissful daze washing over her features as the blush on her cheeks deepened.

Miyuki: Please, address me... Address me by my first name.

Shinomiya: Eh... EHHHH?!

Over the past few years, and particularly in these recent weeks of clandestine rendezvous, I've come to recognize Shinomiya's

susceptibility to this type of physical closeness. Perhaps it's because I'm aware of her vulnerability that I instinctively seized upon it in this moment.

But even so... I can't deny how utterly embarrassing it feels.

I push that thought aside, knowing full well that my cheeks must be as red as ripe tomatoes by now, but this is not the time to dwell on it. A pivotal moment is upon us, and I refuse to shy away from it... not this time.

Shinomiya seems to share the same sentiment, as she doesn't avert her gaze this time.

Shinomiya: Th-Then... Mi-Mi...

Shinomiya began, her lips quivering as she struggled to gather her resolve, while I couldn't help but gulp nervously.

This... This is actually happening... It's real...

Shinomiya: Miyuki-

KNOCK!* *KNOCK!

The sound of a knock on the door shattered our trance, abruptly ending the tender moment... and in its place, a chilling sense of apprehension swept over us.

Miyuki: Shinomiya.

Shinomiya: I know.

Shinomiya, true to form, retreated to one corner of the room, seeking refuge in the shadows, while I hurried to intercept whoever was knocking at the door.

It's become routine, this cautious dance we perform. While it's a relief that my identity hasn't been compromised as the reason for Shinomiya's retreats, the ever-present sense of vigilance still grips our hearts. The pursuit from the Shinomiya family looms ever closer, and there's no guarantee that our secret remains safe.

So, we remain on high alert, scanning every corner, monitoring every interaction, and scrutinizing every door. Night after night, we switch motels in a desperate attempt to evade detection, our anxiety mounting with each passing moment.

And yet, this time feels different... I must tread carefully.

With resolve pulsing through me, I approach the door, each step echoing loudly on the wooden floor, setting my nerves on edge.

After what feels like an eternity, I reach the door and cautiously peer through the keyhole.

This... This is...

???: Hey, Kaguya-san! Miyuki-kun! Quit leaving us out in the cold like this!

A wave of surprise floods my mind as I swiftly swing the door open, revealing three girls dressed casually, their suitcases lined up neatly beside their feet.

???: Finally! You guys are so rude...

The pink-haired girl with a black ribbon tied at the center of her hair spoke up, and I stepped aside to allow her entry, gesturing for her to come in as she pulled her suitcase behind her. Following closely behind her were a blonde girl with pigtails and a brown-haired girl with twintails.

Pink-haired girl: Hey, hey, hey! What's with leaving your pals out there in the cold, dirty hallway while you two are off in your own little lovey-dovey world?

Brown-haired girl: Fujiwara-san...it's quite easy for you to claim that, as someone who always barged in on them at the worst moments possible.

Pink-haired girl: I-I can't help it... It's been ages since we've seen each other, after all! Right, Miyuki-kun

The pink-haired girl pouted slightly, then turned her attention towards me. With that, I was snapped back to reality.

Miyuki: Fujiwara... Hayasaka... Maki...

Fujiwara: Hey there! Miss us, Miyuki-kun? Oh, but before anything else, could you be a dear and help us with our luggage? Pretty please

Maki: I'm really amazed at the depth of the shamelessness you can venture, Fujuwara-san.

Fujiwara: Aw, come on, Maki-san! It's just a customary thing, you know? Like, it's practically tradition for a host with a bribe to greet their guests with utmost hospitality. I mean, they should be kneeling before us, serving up tea or something, right? So, using Miyuki-kun as my little servant is just, like, part of the usual routine, isn't it?

Hayasaka: Wow... Fujiwara-san, for someone like you, I'm amazed at how you can twist traditions in favor of your argument. Is that a quirk from a politician's daughter who sacrificed all their morals and dignity?

Fujiwara: Hey, Ai-chan! Don't be so mean to me! I mean, how can someone who stole my first kiss go around saying all this stuff to me?

Hayasaka: I-I told you not to call me that-Hey! Stop hugging me!

As I observed their playful argument unfolding before me, I couldn't help but chuckle, the laughter bubbling up until it burst forth uncontrollably.

It's ridiculous, really... I remember feeling so much danger, caution, and fear, every negative emotion imaginable, just at the thought of opening a door. Yet here I am now, watching them bicker like children, and strangely enough, it eases my anxiety.

In this moment, I find myself lost in nostalgia... These three weren't particularly close back in middle school, but ever since they learned about our relationship, Hayasaka... she's become more open, more direct. I recall the time she openly called Fujiwara 'an annoying and troublesome subject F' right to her face, only to soften when Fujiwara expressed her adoration, hugging her just like she's doing now.

And Maki... well, when we first revealed our relationship to her, she was furious, calling me 'a traitor' since she was the only one still single at the time. But over time, she came to accept our relationship and made peace with Shinomiya, completely repairing their bond.

Maki: Um...Miyuki-kun? Are you okay?

As Maki's words reached my ears, my gaze shifted towards her, then to Hayasaka and Fujiwara, their expressions filled with concern. And in that moment, I felt as if I were in a dream-like daze.

They... They're here... They're really here...

Miyuki: I... I'm truly grateful... that you all are here.

They appeared momentarily taken aback by my comment, but then their lips curved into smiles. Witnessing the smiles of these three after enduring some of our trials... it brings a sense of calm to my troubled mind.

Shinomiya: ... Fujiwara-san? Ai-san? Maki-san?

As this surreal scene unfolded, Shinomiya also called out to them.

Fujiwara: Ah! Kaguya-chan!

As Fujiwara called out to her, Shinomiya's eyes betrayed her confusion, still trying to process what was unfolding before her. It wasn't unexpected, considering she had confided in me about how much she missed Fujiwara and the others during their absence.

Without a moment's hesitation, as soon as Fujiwara called to her, Shinomiya dashed towards her, enveloping her in a tight hug.

Shinomiya stood there, seemingly caught off guard by the sudden affection, her expression reflecting her confusion.

Shinomiya: Fujiwara-san...

Shinomiya trailed off, hiding her face behind her bangs. A sudden realization washed over me as I glanced at Hayasaka and Maki, who were watching the scene unfold with curious expressions.

This... This isn't good... I need to—

Fujiwara: What is it, Kaguya-chan?

And then, as I feared, the moment I anticipated arrived as Shinomiya gently pushed Fujiwara out of their embrace.

Crap... It's too late...

Shinomiya: What brings you here, Fujiwara-san?

Fujiwara paused, her expression freezing as she locked eyes with Shinomiya.

Those eyes... I recognized them instantly, the same eyes that had welled up with tears and poured out her anguish to me in moments of despair, as if they held depths of unfathomable darkness.

She had expected a tearful reunion, a jubilant celebration, a heartfelt embrace. I know she had, and yet, in this moment, I think she's just realizing it now. Not because of her kindness or her efforts to find her, but because, as a dear friend of Shinomiya, she understands better than anyone that right now... the last person Shinomiya wants to see is none other than Chika Fujiwara herself.

Fujiwara: I-I... Well, obviously it's because I missed you, duh!

Shinomiya: Moron...

Fujiwara: Wh-What?

Shinomiya: You're such a fool, Fujiwara-san. Would you care to listen to me now?

She didn't unleash a barrage of yelling, shouting, or angry words. Instead, Shinomiya's voice, as she spoke to Fujiwara, was cold and emotionless, yet each word carried a cutting edge that pierced straight to Fujiwara's heart.

Shinomiya: You're supposed to be intelligent, Fujiwara-san. Despite your occasional cluelessness and utter lack of tact, you're still a politician through and through. I had hoped that at a time like this, you would possess enough discernment to choose the right course... You'll leave behind your comrades here, as we forge ahead in our respective endeavors, while you carve out your own path to political success.

Fujiwara: Um... Yeah, I suppose that could be part of it, but...

Shinomiya: Then why? Why are you here at this moment, my friend? Why would you risk disappointing me by showing up here and anticipating something from me?

Shinomiya delivered each word of her honest compliments to Fujiwara with clarity, but simultaneously, she interjected harsh words that sought to tarnish Fujiwara's kindness.

Fujiwara froze at Shinomiya's words. Her gaze lingered on Shinomiya's hand as it moved to cover her own cheek, tiny glints of blood seeping from her lips. I'm certain Fujiwara must have realized by now... that Shinomiya was trying to push her out of our affairs at

all costs, even if it meant deceiving her own feelings.

It's not uncommon for a friend to resort to a lie of kindness in order to protect those they care about. However, for Shinomiya, this truth holds even more weight when it comes to Fujiwara. Not to mention, Shinomiya was afraid... Afraid of her own father... Afraid of how far he would go to silence her, how ruthless he could be in his pursuit to drag her back into his control, even at the slightest hint of a rumor.

Aside from Ai Hayasaka, Shinomiya's closest friend since childhood, and Maki Shijo, her closest acquaintance, Chika Fujiwara holds an even more precious place in her heart.

That's why, even as lingering thoughts like 'I miss you' or 'I'm so glad to see you' may surface, they cannot break through Shinomiya's anger... No, perhaps it's simply her frustration at her own powerlessness that prevents such thoughts from taking hold.

Fujiwara: E-Even still...

Fujiwara's words shattered my train of thought, and I glanced over at the pink-haired girl whose entire body trembled, her gaze fixed on the ground as she grappled with her own emotions. She must still be struggling to accept her friend's harsh words, her mind likely in denial despite perhaps expecting it for some time.

But knowing Fujiwara... as the former secretary of the student council... as Shinomiya's trusted friend, she won't give up here.

Fujiwara: Even still... Even still... Even still, I still want to see you, Kaguya-chan!

As we listened to Fujiwara's response, I felt my lip curling in a

mixture of frustration and anticipation. Shinomiya, though her body trembled slightly in reaction, didn't waver.

Shinomiya: But it's still a foolish gesture. There's no need for you to worry about me. You have a promising future awaiting you, so you just need to fo—

Fujiwara: Ignore you?! Ignore you for what?! How could I ever possibly ignore you, Kaguya-chan?!

Fujiwara yelled, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Fujiwara: Every day... Every night... I still miss those days back when we were in the student council. We'd gather our documents, play some silly games, just goof around. And yeah, sure, I made my fair share of mistakes, maybe even said some dumb stuff to you and the others, but you guys would always tease me about it, laugh it off, or just roll your eyes in annoyance. But I... I-

Fujiwara struggled to hold back her hiccups as Shinomiya's stern gaze began to soften.

Fujiwara: I still... I still cherish those moments... Keeping them close in my memories... Holding onto your smiles deep in my heart... I thought those moments would last until graduation, but then you two just vanished, just like that...

These words seemed to strike a chord with Shinomiya, her cold demeanor melting away to reveal a softened expression, exposing the vulnerability she had kept hidden within.

Fujiwara then lunged forward, wrapping Shinomiya in a tight embrace. Shinomiya stood there in shock, seemingly unable to move... Or perhaps, it would be more accurate to say her body refused to budge.

Shinomiya: Fu-Fujiwara-san... Please, release me...

Fujiwara: No! Not this time! I won't let you go this time! Not ever again! I'd do anything for you, Kaguya-san! I'd be your servant in a heartbeat, or whatever you need me to be! I'll clean your bed, wash your clothes, cook your meals, carry your bags, heck, I'd even take a bullet for you! So please... Just please..

Fujiwara's passionate words trailed off, her grip slowly loosening as she succumbed to her own wave of emotions.

Fujiwara: Please... Just don't leave me...

As Fujiwara finished speaking, Shinomiya's cold facade crumbled completely, tears threatening to spill from her eyes.

Shinomiya: ...N-Not fair... It's unfair...

Shinomiya's true feelings finally spilled out, and she clung tightly to Fujiwara-san's figure, as if she never wanted to let go again.

Shinomiya: How can I possibly cast you aside when you say things like this to me...

Shinomiya finally broke down, tears flowing like rivers from her eyes, surrendering to Fujiwara's genuine kindness and honesty. The room filled with their cries as both girls sought comfort in each other's embrace, confronting their own sorrows.

I stood to the side, sighing as I watched the scene unfold. Honestly, witnessing all of this touched my heart deeply. It made me realize just how much I missed everyone back at Shuchiin... I wondered if everyone was doing well there, if Iino had found the courage to confront her feelings for Ishigami, if the principal still wore that dumb expression and had his love for cake, if Shuchiin had found a Student Council as ideal as ours...

As I pondered these thoughts, tears welled up in my eyes as well. I quickly wiped them away. As the only male in the room, I couldn't allow the atmosphere to become completely sorrowful. Someone had to stand up and ease the girls' hearts... Someone...

Hayasaka: Ah... I understand you two are quite sad and all, but shouldn't we start discussing things over first?

An unexpected voice broke the silence, and I turned to see Hayasaka walking over to the embracing duo.

Fujiwara: C-Come on, Ai-chan! Y-you're totally ruining this moment between us!

Obviously, it was Fujiwara who protested, while Shinomiya simply stared at Hayasaka with tear-filled eyes.D

Maki: No, Ai is right. We need to discuss this.

Maki commented in a serious tone, her voice devoid of inflection, as she disregarded the girls' looks of complaint.

Maki: Yes, I know you two still want to continue your hugging, but we still have to proceed forward if we're to have anything planned in the future.

Hayasaka: Right. So, what do you suggest, Maki-san?

Maki: Since we need to hide ourselves from the Shinomiya family while having a normal high school life, why don't we enroll ourselves into this school?

Maki's words were accompanied by her handing each of us a pamphlet. As I glanced at it, I noticed it read 'Advanced Training High School'.

Fujiwara: Maki-san, this is...!

When Fujiwara panicked and spoke, Maki replied calmly.

Maki: Yes, this is the high school I'm talking about, Fujiwara-san. It is the Advanced Nurturing High School, one of the best schools in this country, created by the Japanese government to develop human resources who will support the future. And it is also famous as a school that almost 100% meets your desired entrance and job prospects.

Miyuki: As per what I've heard about that school, they boast a 99.9% college acceptance rate, and the same applies for job placements. Graduating from there opens doors to any profession you desire.

Maki: Indeed, Miyuki-kun. This school gives an incredibly high percentage of college and work rate. With this, I think we would be most likely successful in your futures.

Maki then proceeded with her speech.

Maki: Plus, for the next three years, all contact with the outside world will be cut off, every student will be prohibited from leaving the school grounds and will be forced to live in a dormitory. Which means...

Shinomiya: This allows us to evade the pursuit of my family while still being able to attend high school. That's wonderful, Maki-san.

Maki: It's my pleasure, Auntie. And don't worry about our slots. My family and the principal have managed to secure five slots for us.

Miyuki: That's wonderful... Maki, Hayasaka... Thank you for all your support...

Hayasaka: Well, it can't be helped. Should we continue our discussion or not?

Shinomiya: Sure.

With that, we resumed our discussion about our plans for high school. And then, something incredible happened—we engaged in activities we had never dreamed of: chatting, laughing, joking, and simply enjoying each other's company. These were just ordinary, mundane things that teenagers typically experienced, but to us, they meant the world.

Tomorrow, we would once again embark on our routine of hiding and running. But for tonight, this would be our final escape...

...

...

...

"Chairman Sakayanagi, I have something to discuss."

"What's on your mind, Pescarolo-san?"

"I've brought three more students from our school with recommendation letters."

"Well, well... You never fail to bring me promising talents, my old friend."

"I'm confident they'll fit right in. Besides, considering our shared philosophy, you wouldn't turn down my request, would you?"

"Of course not, my dear friend. I must admit, it's impressive how well your students understand our school's interview system."

"It goes without saying. These three are exceptional, much like the first two I recommended earlier."

"Haha... High praise coming from you, my friend. Very well, in the spirit of our friendship and our shared values, I'll ensure they receive proper attention, Pescarolo-san."

"Thank you, Chairman Sakayanagi. I trust you'll keep your word."

Bonjour ! Voici une nouvelle fanfiction écrite en collaboration par deux personnes. Les prologues présentés ne sont pas de mon cru ; quant à moi, j'ai pris en charge leur relecture, correction et reformulation. J'espère que cette nouvelle histoire vous plaira !

PROLOGUE-2: Request from Karasuma-sensei

Reads: 143 | Votes: 12 | Comments: 2

POV: Nagisa

In the middle of March, just a few weeks after our final showdown with Koro-sensei, we were all summoned by Karasuma-sensei.

"*I would like you all to seriously consider enrolling in Advanced Nurturing High School,*" he announced, his voice tinged with slight reluctance.

In the familiar confines of our classroom, recently acquired through the funds from our mission, we listened attentively. Since Koro-sensei's disappearance, we had been absorbed in planning our future, collectively deciding on the use of our reward and purchasing the land of Class 3-E as a sign of respect for our fallen teacher.

With Ritsu's help, we had also managed to preserve some of our privacy, preventing the details of our feat and our identities from leaking into the public domain. The controlled information relayed to the media only revealed the neutralization of a "global threat" by a group of Japanese students, a truth that I suspected would soon become the stuff of legends.

As we all gathered, attention focused on Karasuma-sensei, he clarified his wish to see us integrated into Advanced Nurturing High School, an institution with an impeccable reputation. Only world leaders and the Japanese Ministry of Defense possess more details about our act.

It was Nakamura-san who broke the silence first.

Nakamura: Oh, yeah, yeah! I heard it's like the cream of the crop of schools, a crazy setup by the government to boost little geniuses who will make our future shine! And then, get this, they have a 100% success and employment rate, class, right? Wouldn't surprise me if the government is behind all this, don't you think?

The name of this school is extremely reputable. One could almost say that being admitted there is equivalent to having one's life mapped out.

Nakamura: You mean, you want us to join that place? But wait, it's not like we can just show up, the exams are already in the rearview mirror, right?

Karasuma-sensei: Principal Asano and the Ministry of Defense, of which I am a part, have secured four spots. We have crucial information that cannot be overlooked.

Isogai: Oh, is this another solicitation from the state, similar to when we received the mission to eliminate Koro-sensei?

Karasuma-sensei: That's correct. However, you have other career options. Therefore, I won't take offense if you choose to refuse.

I couldn't grasp the full extent of the situation. What are the government's true intentions towards us this time?

Karma: Well, do you have a plan in mind?

Maehara: Ah, Karma, you're just throwing it out there, huh...

Karma: So, you must have a good reason for wanting to divert us from our path, right?

Karma hit the nail on the head. I am convinced that Karasuma-sensei is not acting solely out of personal preference. Remember, he simply executes directives imposed on him from above.

Karasuma-sensei: ...The order comes from the government. The Ministry of Defense has been tasked with investigating and gathering intelligence on a file named <White Room>. I have been informed that a key figure is about to enroll in a high school.

Class-E: ...<White Room>?

All bowed their heads, puzzled by the unfamiliar term.

Karasuma-sensei: Our information is also limited. Nevertheless, directives from above demand that we deepen our investigation into the actual situation.

Kayano: Even if that's just what you think... Don't you have a slight idea of what it might look like, by any chance?

Kayano couldn't hide her distress. For my part, I was still trying to understand the situation. Karma, on the other hand, seemed deeply absorbed in his thoughts, as if trying to decipher a hidden plan, while a few seemed to struggle to resign themselves to accepting the information.

Karasuma-sensei: According to the information currently in our

possession, the <White Room> would be a talent training center. However, many rumors suggest that it operates in violation of human principles. If it jeopardizes the future of our youth, then its activities must be stopped immediately.

Nagisa: ...Alright. I'll handle it.

Kayano: Nagisa!? You're changing your direction!?

Kayano called out, her voice betraying a hint of impatience. It was natural for her to be somewhat surprised to see me make a decision so promptly.

Nagisa: Truth be told, it was complicated because it took me a long time to confront my mother. If I hadn't been in this assassination class, well, in this Class 3-E, it's likely that we would never have managed to understand each other. I believe I would have continued to suffer all my life.

All eyes were on me with serious expressions, while Kayano, previously agitated, gradually regained her composure.

Nagisa: I want to help those who endure this kind of suffering and who risk losing their way. That's why I aspire to become a teacher. And then, I consider teaching a more stable career path.

Karma: ...Hmm, typical of you, Nagisa, that. Alright, count me in too. Looks like there's some serious stuff going on.

My best friend, Karma, was the first to agree. His tense face relaxed, returning to his usual serene expression.

Well, it's not like I was forced to go, so I just felt relieved.

Nakamura: Well, if that's the case, count me in too! With Nagisa-kun and Karma-kun on board, I feel like it's going to be super exciting!

Nakamura-san, a close friend, also agreed. Now, there were three of us accepting the mission. Who would take the last spot?

???: I'll be joining as well. Backing down is not an option after learning all these details. Plus, I see it as an opportunity to measure myself against Akabane again.

Unexpectedly, the one who took the last spot was none other than the former Class A student, who had joined our Class E since the Sports Festival, and also Karma's rival, Gakushuu Asano.

Karma: Ah, Asano-kun~, you're crashing the party? Maybe hoping to turn the tables on our previous encounters? Let's go, I'm always up for setting things straight, especially with you.

Karma made a joke, giving Asano a provoking wink, to which Asano, with his strawberry blond hair, reacted with an annoyed gesture. I just sighed at the scene... It seemed obvious, knowing those two, Karma and Asano-kun, that they were destined to remain eternal rivals.

Karasuma-sensei nodded before continuing.

Karasuma-sensei: Thank you for your cooperation, you four. Now, before your integration into the school, it is imperative that we examine the specifics of your mission.

I took a long, deep breath.

Koro-sensei's arrival in Class E was perplexing at first, but this time, the context is different. It's a request directly from Karasuma-sensei.

I fully understand the importance of this request and stand ready, resolutely ready to take on this new mission.

Karasuma-sensei: The first phase of our mission is to identify the key players.

Nakamura: You haven't even caught their names or know if they're boys or girls?

Karasuma-sensei: We're facing the unknown. Indeed, all we know about the White Room comes from previous discussions.

The information available is less than expected. However, I understand why this opportunity is so precious.

Karasuma-sensei: The individual in question may also conceal information about the <White Room>. They will not readily reveal their identity.

Asano: ... The <White Room>, it's an elite talent training center, right? In that case, I presume they must be particularly gifted.

Karasuma-sensei: Most likely. What is also concerning is the educational system itself.

Nakamura: How's the program, does it break records?

We might be facing a different system or a challenging exam, but I feel like the present members have the ability to act on their own. If anyone should worry, it's probably me.

Karasuma-sensei: It's a set of devices that would surpass the understanding of an ordinary high school. For confidentiality reasons, I cannot disclose more details here and now.

Karma: ...That's quite chaotic, huh?... Hey, it reminds me of when I picked up info on Koro-sensei before coming back from my suspension.

Karma sighed at the lack of information. Nevertheless, the sparkle in his eyes betrayed his amusement at the situation.

Karasuma-sensei: Question everything and make sure to stay alive. That's the essence of what I can tell you.

Asano: Surviving... now that becomes an obstacle once again.

Karma: ...Does that mean we also have to ensure our target stays alive, huh?

Karasuma-sensei: Your intuition is valuable. If he leaves the school, he will undoubtedly return to the White Room.

I grasped the essence of the information presented.

But, what exactly does "surviving" mean here?

No matter how unique the system, if it touches on human life, it

becomes undeniably serious.

It would be wise to keep this notion in mind.

Karasuma-sensei: I trust in your abilities. And it seems you are the most competent members of this class.

The use of the term "best members" sent a shiver of excitement through me.

Apparently, my comrades shared this sentiment, as a wave of excitement quickly spread among us.

I'm not sure if Karasuma-sensei noticed this surge of enthusiasm, but he nevertheless began to address us individually, with his usually methodical approach.

Karasuma-sensei: First off, Karma-kun, I rely on you to take on the role of leader. You have a good understanding of the abilities of the other three, and your observational skills are sharp. You excel in leadership in particular situations. That's what we expect from you.

Karma: Ahhh... Alright, then.

Karasuma-sensei: Next, Asano-kun. Although you've only been with us for a few months, you have the ability to discern murderous intentions in others, which will be valuable for this mission. Your ability to regain your composure faster than others in critical situations predisposes you to be the group's psychological pillar.

Asano: Oh, I greatly appreciate it, Karasuma-sensei.

Karasuma-sensei: Then, Nakamura-san, your role will be crucial in establishing contacts and gathering information in the background. You offer a unique perspective, different from the other three.

Nakamura: Oh my, well, what a surprise!

Karasuma-sensei: Lastly, Nagisa-kun. You have the ability to blend into any environment without arousing suspicion. You are ideally equipped to act in the shadows. You also possess the necessary courage and the ability to unite the group through your actions. That's what we expect from you.

Nagisa: Well... I don't believe that's so important...

I found myself speechless at this unexpected praise.

Turning my gaze to my comrades, I noticed them squirming and doing their best to avoid eye contact.

Karasuma-sensei: Develop your strategy before entering the school. I am at your disposal for any consultation, so don't hesitate to call on me. Also, it would be wise to conceal your pre-existing friendship.

Nagisa: What? But why?

Karasuma-sensei: ...In reality, in this school, selected candidates are based on recommendations from middle school students before even taking the exam. It is highly unlikely that four students from the same school would be admitted, which would raise suspicions. But that's just my suggestion.

Asano: Does this imply... that the entrance exam is just a formality, and that, no matter the effort put in, the result will remain unchanged?

Karasuma-sensei: Ah, unfortunately... That information is confidential, so I ask you to keep it to yourselves.

I finally glimpsed what makes this school unique.

The challenges ahead may prove to be more difficult than we anticipated.

Karasuma-sensei: This is what makes high school unique, for better or for worse. But I am confident that you will overcome these trials, just as you did in Class 3-E.

That's when Karma leaned back, tipped his chair, and displayed a satisfied smile.

Karma: Fascinating. It's starting to pique my interest.

Nagisa: Ah, that's typical of Karma. It's reassuring, in a way.

Asano: Exactly the kind of thing Akabane would say, no surprise there.

Following the reception of additional details regarding our mission, Karasuma-sensei had to leave us to attend to other responsibilities. He quickly apologized before leaving the classroom. As he departed, except for our small group, the other students also left the room, not without throwing us words of encouragement such as "Good luck" and "Give it your all."

The four of us, left alone, then began to devise a strategy based on the limited information at our disposal. It would probably be fairer to call our approach a preliminary action plan.

Unsurprisingly, Karma was there, scratching his head, lost in thought.

Karma: We need to start by gathering information. Without that,

we won't be able to devise an action plan.

Asano: I suggest that we all develop our network to some extent. That way, we can support each other.

Nakamura: Absolutely. We start by playing incognito, then we go with the flow, and bam, we exchange contacts.

Nagisa: I understand... Investigating the ＜White Room＞ means we have to remain discreet, right?

I tried to ask the question, although the answer seemed already established. Nevertheless, I was curious to confirm, especially if the interlocutor proved to be benevolent.

Asano: It goes without saying, doesn't it? Otherwise, there would be no point to our infiltration and investigation.

Nagisa: Understood... But it's hard to know how to act without knowing the target's identity.

Karma: We'll have to observe the situation for a month. We can't predict how it will evolve.

Nagisa: That might be a good strategy. We need to adapt to the school, and that's probably when groups will start to form.

Nakamura: That's when the others choose their roles, right? But I'm curious to see how they'll manage to play the game.

Wow... I didn't expect such a reflection from Nakamura-san, given that I hadn't even considered the idea of creating a character. It's a perspective that seems natural for someone like Kayano, who is an actress.

But thinking about it, it's actually true.

The same message can be interpreted differently depending on the person delivering it.

And the nature of the response largely depends on the perception one has of the individual.

Karma: Hey, Nagisa, Nakamura-san, you know, you should play it cool, like secret agents. Not too much in the spotlight, but just where you can slip by unnoticed. That's how you stay effective, right?

When I seriously consider it, I wonder if I can do it or not. But well, if it didn't concern assassination, it would have just been an ordinary day at school. And if it comes naturally, then why not, it could totally work.

Even as I glance at Karma or Asano-kun, I don't let anything show. I suppose I have some confidence in this area.

Karma: Hey, Asano, listen. If someone has to be in the spotlight, it's you. You know, so that everyone sees you and trusts you.

Asano: Understood.

As usual, Karma assigns roles in such a way that they are impossible to achieve, even for the most talented acting naturally.

Asano: Well, Akabane, you seem determined to stand out, but what's your plan? Honestly, doesn't being labeled a thug bother you?

Asano-kun spoke up at an unexpected moment, but he raised a good point. It's true that having someone with a personality as chaotic and violent as Karma-kun could pose big problems if he were involved in fights or something.

When Karma heard this, he seemed to take a moment to think before responding.

Karma: Well, Asano, for once, you're not wrong. I'll play along and act in a way to gain their trust. And then, when the right moment comes, they'll come to me for advice, you'll see.

Nakamura: Okay, I'll admit. No matter how deep in trouble I am or if my confidence is at its lowest, there's always this Karma-kun card up my sleeve. It's quite reassuring, I must say.

Nagisa: The reverse is also true.

The pre-admission discussions continued afterward.

Nagisa: Since we want to gain trust, wouldn't it be better for Karma and Asano-kun to aim for a certain high amount?

Karma: Nagisa, you make a good point about that. Asano, we're aiming for the top, nothing less.

Asano: Understood.

If two people give it their all, it's certain that there will be fewer people capable of winning. It's a safer way to proceed.

Karma: Nagisa, Nakamura-san, aim just a bit above average, like

around 80-85 points.

Nagisa & Nakamura: Understood!

In the end, there were many things I couldn't say further until we were officially enrolled. And finally, the day of our entry into the school arrived.

...

...

...

"Ah, Narumori-san, it's been a while."

"Gakuhou-san, what brings you here today?"

"I've brought four students from Kunugigaoka with recommendation letters."

"Oh dear... First Pescarolo-san from Shuchiin, now you from Kunugigaoka. You two are certainly keeping me busy with exceptional talents."

"I believe it'll be beneficial. And these four could assist with the issue you're facing... concerning that project."

"That project? You mean... That individual?"

"Exactly. According to the reports I've received from the Government and the Ministry of Defense, they've initiated investigations into the White Room, including the son of the man who enrolled him into your school. With these four students here to support him, surely you won't turn them away, will you?"

"Of course not, my dear friend. I must admit... It's remarkable how astute your students are about our school's interview system."

"It's evident. These four are exceptional, having managed to

outsmart the system at my own school."

"Haha... Your praise is rare, my friend. Very well, in recognition of our longstanding friendship, I'll ensure they're looked after diligently, Gakuhou-san."

"Thank you, Narumori-san. I trust you'll keep your word. And may luck be on your side."